

THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. NEWMAN, }
Proprietor.

Independent in Everything.

{ J. M. WINCHELL, }
{ JAMES JOHANNOT, } Editors.

Vol. I.—No. 12.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Invocation to Night,.....177	Queer Contrasts,.....187
Hymn,.....177	The Peace Congress,.....187
The Gold-Seeker and the	California a State,.....187
Water-Seeker,.....177	Office Seekers,.....187
The Ventriloquist and	Free Baths,.....187
the Cats,.....179	The Defense of Rome,.....187
The Key of Death,.....180	Do and do likewise,.....187
The Moxets,.....181	Meals on the North River
Change of color in Fish,.....181	Boats,.....187
A Freak of Nature,.....181	Louis Philippe,.....187
Ignatius Loyola,.....181	Association of Nations,.....187
Albani, the Singer,.....182	Foreign News,.....188
English Nobility,.....182	Domestic Intelligence,.....188
The Bible,.....182	Gleanings,.....188
Servants' Sundays,.....183	The Physical Education
Beautiful Picture,.....183	of Girls,.....189
Want of Sleep,.....183	Education in Greece,.....189
The Solar System,.....183	Error of Early Intellect-
The Common Watch,.....183	ual Training,.....189
Novel Invention,.....184	New College for Ladies,.....189
Science in the Kitchen,.....184	National Education in
Tobacco and Mortality,.....184	Ireland,.....189
New Calculating Machine,.....184	Education in Wisconsin,.....189
What is Ozon?.....184	Infant Tuition,.....189
Gem,.....184	Volatile Gases,.....190
A Button,.....184	Substitute for the Potato,.....190
Perseverance of Audubon,.....184	The Potato,.....190
Who is Mr. Voluntary,.....184	A Discovery,.....190
Contributions,.....184	Tobacco Dust as a Protec-
Kossuth,.....184	tion against Insects,.....190
Human Nature,.....184	To Dry a Cow of her Milk,.....190
Sympathy for Rome,.....185	Shoeing Horses,.....190
Nathaniel Hawthorne,.....185	Culture of the Blackberry,.....190
Encouraging,.....185	Good,.....190
The Crevasse,.....185	New Wheat Crop,.....190
Proceedings Board Health,.....185	Crops in Illinois,.....190
Literary Notices and In-	To Destroy Bed Bugs,.....190
telligence,.....186	Opinions of the Press,.....191
Postage,.....186	Advertisements,.....192
Law Reform,.....187	

Poetry.

Original.

INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

Somber Night! whose lusters million
Sparkle in the sapphire courts!
Now, thy calm and glorious pinion,
O'er Time's dewy altar floats.

Round earth's form, in moonlight shining,
As her weary children muse,
Draw thy folds, whose mystic lining,
Scatters down oblivion's dews.

Let thy wand, in darkness waving,
Calm the pool of sorrow deep;
Still despair's dark genius raving,
With the golden chain of sleep!

On the sick one's pillow, shaded
With thy soft, mysterious powers,
Strew bright wreaths of rose, unfaded,
Woven in thy dreamland bowers!

To the weary captive, pining,
Bear the urn of Somnus sweet!
Enter, too, the palace shining,
With thy boon, for mortals meet!

Draw thy silver bordered pinions
Kindly round the stately prow,
Where, on Neptune's deep dominions,
Fearful surges ever flow!

Give the sailor a home-vision;
Lead him back, in dews of rest,
To his childhood's bowers elysian,—
To his aged mother's breast!

O'er the mourner, broken-hearted,
Draw thy soft, oblivious veil;
Let her clasp the loved departed
To her heart, in fancy's pale!

Blessed Night! whose lights are streaming
In those glorious halls above;
At thy shrine, like angels seeming,
Glow the stars, with eyes of love!

In thy glooms, a spirit lowly,
Can but trace a father's power;—
He as ever, great and holy,
Giving thy refreshing hour!

To invigorate all nature,
Is the holy spell of rest;
Happifying every creature;—
Blessing, and forever blest!

Holy Night! when death shall over
All my sense its shadows fling,
Through the gloom, may I discover,
Brighter stars than those I sing!
German, N. Y., May 19, 1849.

HYMN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things, fair and bright, are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright, are Thine.

Tales.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE GOLD-SEEKER AND THE WATER-SEEKER.

A MEXICAN NARRATIVE.

BY PERCY R. ST. JOHN.

At no great distance from the city of Chihuahua, in a vast plain, is a small village in the center of a wood, almost wholly unknown save to the wandering hunter, and the poor inhabitants who dwell in its poor huts. It is called Torpedo. Twenty sheds, with roofs, it is true, but with scarcely any walls save on the northern side, composed with one exception, the small hamlet. A neat wooden hut stood aloof from the rest, marking an advanced degree of civilization, which excited the wonder, but not the emulation, of the happy but idle and poverty-stricken Mexicans. This hut had been built by an American who, having taken to the woods after a quarrel in the capital, had selected this obscure retreat for himself and his two boys, now orphan youths of nineteen and twenty. The Mexicans did as their fathers did before them; they planted a little maize and a few vegetables; they caught wild horses, and hunted enough to procure what was strictly necessary; and after this meed of exertion, thought themselves justified in spending their leisure hours, at least nine months in the year, in smoking, drinking *pulque*, and gambling for the few rags which they managed to procure in exchange for a little surplus maize, some fowls, and other commodities which their wives and daughters took to the market of Chihuahua. Zealous and Patient Jones, the lads above mentioned, were very far from being satisfied with this state of existence. They worked six days in the week, they went to market themselves, they took their six times as much produce as did any other two men in Torpedo; they bartered tobacco—the vaporous luxury of all idle nations and idle people—against maize and wild turkeys, and at the time we speak of, bade fair to make of the lethargic village a place of trade, and hence a place of prosperity. Though only just emerging from boyhood, they could have bought the whole village, inhabitants and all.

But Zealous and Patient Jones had no such vast desires; and of all the men, women and children residing in the hamlet, they coveted only the possession of two. These were Zanetta and Julietta, the daughters of the alcalde or mayor of the small locality. Zealous loved Zanetta, and Patient loved Julietta.—Their affection was warmly returned, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but the passage of a year, when it was agreed that all parties would have arrived at their years of

discretion, which, however, are oftener supposed to be reached than really attained.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the brothers sat at their door enjoying the refreshing breeze wafted over the trembling tree-tops, and odorous with floral richness. They were talking of the future, and of the world of which they knew so little, when a horseman suddenly appeared before them. He wore a costume which was not of the country, and had features which reminded them in their character of their departed parent. They rose as the traveler halted before their hut, and asked, in very bad Mexican, the way to Chihuahua.

Zealous hurriedly replied in English that it was eleven miles off.

"I expect you're countrymen," said the horseman, much surprised.

"We are from New York State," replied Zealous.

"Well, that's pleasant. I'm dead beat, so is my horse. Will you give a countryman a shake down for the night?"

The young men eagerly proffered their hut; and while one held the horse's head the other assisted the traveler to dismount. Mr. Bennett, a merchant who traveled annually to Mexico, was the visitor the hospitable Americans had received; and it was difficult to say who derived most pleasure from the meeting. Mr. Bennett was delighted with the candor of the young men; they with his glowing descriptions of the world; of the power and advantages of wealth; of the delights of an existence among one's fellows; and in fact so fired their imaginations, that when he sought his Mexican grass hammock, the brothers were wholly unable to sleep.—They talked, they thought of nothing save the world; and when the traveler quitted them the next day, they felt for the first time impatient and discontented.

"I have a great mind to turn *gambusino*, and go gold-hunting in the mountains," said Zealous. "I should like to become rich and return to my native land."

"For me," cried Patient, less wild and fiery than his elder brother, "I could wish to find some hidden spring in yonder forests, and there found a village." The country was bare of water, and a spring was a treasure which enabled the fortunate finder to fertilize a vast property, if he had enterprize sufficient to carry out his plan.

"It would be scarcely worth abandoning our home for that," said the ambitious Zealous, and the conversation dropped. But the thoughts remained, and at the end of a week Zealous had become so infatuated and so restlessly eager to become rich, that taking a horse, a rifle, powder, shot, a mattock, and a few clothes, he started towards the far-distant mountains without even bidding adieu to his brother or Zanetta, so alarmed was he that his visionary enterprize would be prevented.

Though Zealous had quitted humble prosperity, gentle and real happiness to go run the world for mere money, he was no common youth. He had genius, courage and determination, and his whole conduct displayed these qualities. From time immemorial, it had been a tradition that the far off mountains were full of gold, and regularly every year some ardent and young spirits started in

search of the precious metal, to meet only with death or disappointment. Few returned, and of these few none ever brought any portion of gold worth the labor of their search. They hinted at vast treasures discovered in places so distant and difficult, as to preclude their being reached with mules or horses, and returned to the search with renewed zest, but always alone, each man expecting to be the fortunate one, and refusing to share his visioned wealth with a partner. Zealous Jones knew all this, and was determined to take warning by the fate of his fellows. He traveled slowly and steadily, used as little as possible of his powder and shot, and when he killed game, bore away the remains to be eaten with wild fruits, berries, and the esculent roots of the tropics. He was careful, too, of his horse, and reached the entrance of the hilly regions without having violently fatigued man or beast. He then rested two days in the mouth of a sublime gorge of the mountains, where cliff and rock, tree and water, height and vastness, all combined to give grandeur to the scene. But Zealous thought little of the magnificent landscape; his eye, wandering over the green plains behind, seemed to wish to pierce space, and discover, five hundred miles behind, the forms of his brother and his affianced wife. Once or twice his heart was touched; but a glance at the mighty ramparts of the gold region roused with him other thoughts, and he still advanced on his perilous journey.

Months passed, and Zealous was still wandering in the hills, now ascending steep gorges, now precipitous cliffs, that forced him to abandon his faithful horse to graze at their feet; now leaving him a whole day to feed the length of his tether while he explored the rugged hills, mattock in hand, in search of gold; now travelling over lofty table-plains; now resting in delicious valleys, scarce if ever trod before by the foot of man; but never finding a trace of the treacherous metal that had lured him from home.

Zealous was getting gaunt and thin, his clothes were in rags, his horse was lame, and his ammunition was nearly all spent, having only lasted until now because Zealous had starved himself to spare it.

Overcome by these considerations, he determined to make a halt in a green valley watered by a stream that formed a pool in the centre. He bathed his hardy steed, examined his feet, and left him to graze unbound, quite certain of his not leaving the valley, and took himself to the water. He floated an hour in the warm sun on the surface of the water, and then struck for the shore, on the banks of which something sparkling made his heart leap. He tore up a handful, and the glittering globules of pure gold revealed the riches of the valley. To dress, to seize his mattock, to tear up the ground, was the work of an instant. The whole mass was full of the precious metal; and forgetting all cares, Zealous began his work of gold-washing and digging. A mattock, a basket of green willow boughs—such were all his tools; but a month's arduous labour put him in possession of a heap of treasure perfectly marvellous. He now thought of returning, when the fatal idea entered his head—how was his treasure to be removed?

Zealous stood speechless with astonish-

ment and despair. His horse, though fattened by a month's rest was unable to bear much more than himself and his heavy rifle. He accordingly resolved to take a little, bury the rest, and return to the settlement in search of assistance. He accordingly restored the precious heap to its former position, mounted his steed with a small particle of gold, and began his journey back. It was difficult and painful. Hunger came upon him; his ammunition was all spent, and a few days made him despair of reaching home. A fever and ague, contracted in the mountains, came strong upon him, and his mind began to wander. He gained at length the vast forest that bordered his home, but at nightfall was exhausted with sickness and fatigue. He alighted, lit a fire with difficulty, and lay down beside it to die. The fever was raging, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was in a comfortable bed in a large farm-house, with every sign of opulence and wealth. Patient and his wife were beside him. His brother had sought his fire from curiosity in time to save him. The greeting was warm on both sides, and Zealous found to his surprise that he had been more than a year absent.

The young man looked wistfully at his brother and at Julietta, who pressed to her bosom an infant a month old.

"Zanetta is married too," he said, with a deep sigh.

A sob behind the curtains was his answer, and the faithful girl was kneeling next minute by his couch.

The gold-seeker, when an hour had been given to unconnected greetings, asked his brother's history. Patient replied that his grief on the departure of his brother had almost deprived him of reason, but that Julietta had made him cling to life. He resolved, however, to go a journey; and burying himself in the forest sought as diligently for water as his brother did for gold. A month's search rewarded him. A spring, bubbling at a tree-foot, was found, and here he took up his dwelling, married Julietta, hired all the youths of the old village, and was now master of the richest *hacienda* or farm in all the country. Zanetta, true to her first affection, had come to live with them.

"And so will I," cried the gold-seeker. "I have gold enough to buy a vast herd of cattle; that is my share. We will be partners once more brother; and if Zanetta will forgive!"

A smile was his answer. The water-seeker now asked his narrative, which he frankly told.

Zanetta shuddered at the dangers he had incurred; Patient wondered at the gold; but all joined to persuade Zealous from again risking his life in the dangerous occupation of a *gambusino*. He cordially agreed; and a month after the tie of husband came to bind him more strongly to home. The gold he had brought made them amply wealthy; every happiness was around them; love, duty, prosperity, a life without a care, made the *hacienda* in the woods a little paradise. But the very calmness of this existence acted unfavorable on the ambitious Zealous, who could not feel the reasoning and solid enjoyment of his brother the water-seeker.

He thought of his vast treasures in the hills, grew silent and moody, spoke little to

his wife, and one day disappeared with five horses and as many sacks, taking this time ample ammunition and some food. Leaving the inhabitants of the hacienda to their grief, we follow the wild gambusino, who traveled for some days with intense rapidity for fear of being pursued. It was only at the foot of the mountains that he halted. As before, he stayed two days: but this repose over, he no longer went searching through the mountains, but led his five horses straight towards the unknown valley. After many days of arduous and painful traveling it was found, and Zealous had the delight of finding also his treasure untouched. Two days were devoted to rest, and to packing the gold in the sacks provided, one of which he placed on each horse, that he himself mounted bearing the lightest.

When the gold-seeker started on his return, the arid season of the hot days had commenced; the grass was scorched up, and scarce a drop of water could be found. Zealous traveled rapidly, for on the fifth day one horse dropped with heat, fatigue, hunger and thirst, and more than a fifth part of his treasure was lost. To load the other horses with it was vain; the poor animals, parched with thirst, staggered under their present load.—Zealous, with a deep sigh, abandoned his gold, and struck across the desert towards the distant forest. No water was found that day, and at night both man and beast were raging with thirst. They halted in a sycamore grove, the dewy leaves of which at nightfall slightly restored Zealous.

Rage, despair in his heart, the young miser pursued his journey; but on arriving a whole day's journey distant from the forest, his whole caravan broke down. The gold-seeker, mad, his brain fevered by the heat and by disappointment, turned back on foot. His senses seemed gone, and when he reached the first stage where he found a carcass, his mind was affected, for he wildly strove to drag the gold towards home. From this moment his senses were utterly lost. He flew back on the trace of his fatal treasure; he ate roots, horse-flesh, and at last reached the spot where lay the last horse.

His day was spent in frenzied efforts to drag the sack of gold onwards, his night in sleeping with it for a pillow; and in this state he was found by his brother and a mounted party, who found him after a long and weary search.

It was many months ere the gold-seeker was restored to health and consciousness, and then sad was the result. He seemed a premature old man; his wife vainly strove to charm him; and but for the constant watch set upon him, he would again have started on his perilous and mad enterprise. The water-seeker clearly saw the cause of his brother's grief; but he said nothing, continuing calmly his course, and reaping every day the reward of his solid industry. When, however, a certain time had elapsed, and the body of the gold-seeker was sufficiently restored, Patient determined to try an experiment on his mind. He shut himself in a room with him, and spoke thus: "My dear brother, you are unhappy, and your misery causes ours. My wife and yours equally suffer from your sorrow; we can do nothing to remove it, because we know not the cause."

The gold-seeker sighed deeply, and shook his head.

"Speak, Zealous," cried his brother, "and there is nothing you can wish but that we will all gladly do."

"It is in vain to struggle against my destiny," said Zealous. "Did you find any sacks of gold near me?"

"They are all five in yon cupboard," said Patient. "They are untouched; they are yours. They contain vast wealth, but was vast wealth like that necessary to us? See how happy I am. Why? Because all around is the fruit of my labor and my industry.—You are unhappy, your wife is wretched, and all because you have an inordinate thirst for mere gold. With millions of dollars in your cupboard, you long again to tempt fortune."

"Never!" replied Zealous, firmly. "Take the gold; it is not mine, but yours. Use it for our mutual advantage. Give me my task to perform, and from this day you shall have no reason to complain." And the gold-seeker went out in search of his wife, with whom he conversed for an hour; and that day at dinner all were happy. But Patient determined to spare no sacrifice to secure his brother's happiness. A month after that he left his hacienda, sold it to a rich convent, and retired to the United States, where the brothers entered into a partnership as merchants. But Zealous was wholly cured. He felt deeply the noble conduct of his brother and his wife, and sought in every way to repay them.

They are now all contented. Patient has three children—Zealous as many; and their commerce succeeding, they have few cares for the future. They are looked up to in the great city they inhabit; and when the California gold fever broke out, the most sensible advice came from the lips of Zealous. "Do not quit the certain for the uncertain," said he to young men ready to abandon lucrative posts to go gold-digging; "honest industry gives you an existence, success can do no more, while the chances of failure are so great. I was one of the fortunate. But then if the gold-seeker did not perish, it was because the devoted water-seeker was at hand." And he would hurry home to press the hand of his brother, and thank him once more for all he owed to him.

The advice of Zealous is little followed, because youth and ardent imaginations are little influenced by reason; but it is probable that, in after-days, the few who stick to their counters and situations will never regret having taken the counsel of the now cautious gold-seeker. There are always bold and enterprising characters enough to risk such perils, there are always sufficient men of desperate fortunes who cannot lose, without fathers of families and comfortable citizens leaving their homes and household goods to tempt Dame Fortune. So always thought Patient, and so now thinks Zealous Jones.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE CATS

BY SPASM.

The ventriloquist traveling, put up over night at a country hotel, and getting in a room with a fidgetty old fellow, he bethought that he'd get up a little fun, by treating the old

gent to a cat serenade. Valentine, the ventriloquist, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute; for, as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had to but shake himself and every thing came off. He therefore turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light, before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

"Mew—mew!" cried Valentine softly throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—confound that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle—"We must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door cried, "hish!" again, emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not on the order of her going," when Mr. Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs. Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you still here, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone. "I thought you had been turned out, madam. Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Mr. Valentine—but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true, but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't like much to handle you, my lady, but if I did I'd of course give you physic!" and he "hished" again with consummate violence, and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply, a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, then he threw the pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he could not even hope to go to sleep, he had of course, to turn out again and fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise is certainly a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—why, where have you got?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, for all the sweeping actions of his feet, he was for some time unable to find—"O, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several severe blows, when, having re-instated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "well let's try it again."

Now Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness

of his temper. His boast was that nothing could put him in a passion.

He did, however, feel, when he violently smote the pillow, that the little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried "meyow!—pit! meyow!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, "here again?"

"Mew!" cried Valentine in a somewhat higher key.

"What, another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening?"

"Meyow!—meyow!" cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle. "You will be able to get up a second concert by and bye;" and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

"Swear away you beauties," cried Mr. Beagle as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes. At it again? Well this is a blessing. 'Don't you hear those cats?' he cried, anxious not to have all the fun himself; but Valentine continued snoring very loudly.

"Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly!" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact that the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate.—"What's to be done? My breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs—and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say that I don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole time that he was not meowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals exceedingly well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate—for the hostile animals continued to battle, apparently with great desperation. He therefore threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly, that Valentine feeling it would be perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and cried, "who's there?"

"Tis I!" shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle.—"Didn't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle, "more like two and twenty. I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more about striking a light than a fool."

"O never mind," said Valentine, "let's go to sleep; they'll be quiet by and bye."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep, but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Blast the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too, when they happen to be put out, and one of them is in a passion, I know from her spitting, confound her!—I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in some highly appropriate observation, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are characteristic of the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said, that he developed a degree of fluency, which did him great credit. He purred, mewed and cried, and swore and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been dampened for the mangle.

"Hallo!" shouted Beagle; but as he neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as he was afraid to get out of the bed to shake him, he proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest manner imaginable, although his exertions made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Beagle, "do assist me in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"O, that's of no use whatever, I have tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them are you?"

"Afraid of them; afraid of a few cats?" exclaimed Valentine with assumption of some considerable magnanimity, "where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "That's a brave fellow. Break their blessed necks!" and Valentine, leaped out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hished with violence and scratched across the grain of the board in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door and proceeded to make a very forlorn mewing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank Heaven! they are all gone at last," cried Beagle, "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after minutely surveying every corner in the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he bade Valentine good night.

Valentine assisted Beagle to remake his bed; and when they had accomplished this important business with the skill and dexterity of two thorough-bred chamber-maids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have six hours uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes, when, the mewing was renewed, and as he had not the slightest disposition to listen to sounds so familiar to his ear, he started up and exclaimed, "I wish I may die if they are out now. Here's one of them left," added he, addressing Valentine; but, Valentine having taken a deep inspiration, answered only by respiring with a prolonged gurgling sound.

"He's off again!" continued Beagle. "I never heard of any one sleeping so soundly. Hallo, my good fellow, ho!—Fast as a four year old? Won't you be quiet, you witch? Are you determined not to let me have a wink of sleep to-night? She must be in the cupboard; I must have overlooked her; and yet

I don't see how I could. O! keep this thing up, my dear! Don't let me rest;" and he fumbled about for his box, and having taken a hearty pinch of snuff, began to turn the thing seriously in his mind, and to make a second person of himself, by way of having under the circumstances, a companion with whom he could advise, and if necessary, remonstrate.

"What is to be done now?" inquired he of the second person thus established. "What's to be the next step, Jonas? It's of no use at all, you know; we can't go to sleep; we might just as well try to get a kick at the moon—nor must we again disturb—Hish you—; Jonas, Jonas, keep your temper.—Don't let a contemptible cat put you out;—and Mr. Beagle took another pinch of snuff, from which he apparently derived a great degree of consolation—"Ah! at it again?" he continued. "I wish I had the wringing of your neck off, madam! You want to put me in a passion; but you won't; you can't do it! therefore don't lay the flattering unction to your soul! Well, Jonas, how are we to act? shall we sit here all night, or take up our bed and walk, Jonas, eh?"

Jonas was so much struck with the expediency of the latter course, that he apparently urged its immediate adoption; for Mr. Beagle, in the first place, half dressed himself in bed, and in the next, threw the counterpane, a blanket and a sheet over his shoulders; when, tucking a pillow and a bolster under his arm, he said, "we'll leave you to your conscience, madam; good night," and left the room, with a view of seeking repose elsewhere.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities, preserved in the Arsenal at Venice, there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related:

About the year 1690, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it disclosed a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving any external trace. Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates, and when on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate.

The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but, since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beside himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented the movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him.—His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

Natural History.

THE MOXETA.

A traveler who visited Spain in the year 1760, in describing Vistabula, says:—Here are also vast forests, and in these forests there is a species of birds that live by rapine, which the natives call Moxetas. They are less than the hawk and not unlike them, except in a certain black ring about their necks. In the months of July and August, they join the sportsmen and help them catch quails and other birds, which being sprung by the spaniels, the sportsmen immediately cry out, "Help, Moxetas! help, help, Moxetas!" and they, as soon as they hear themselves called, dart directly from the woods, often seven or eight in number, and fly with such rapidity at the game, that the poor little birds are so terrified that they drop down and suffer themselves to be seized by the dogs, or taken up by the sportsmen, seeming to prefer any fate than to fall into the clutches of their cruel pursuers. When the sportsmen have taken as many birds as they think proper, and the pursuit is at an end, the Moxetas, their allies and assistants, hover about the company for their share of the prey: upon which one of the men tosses up a bird as high as he is able, which being caught by one of the Moxetas, he returns to the wood completely satisfied. The remainder are treated in the same manner, and they are always ready to tender their assistance to the sportsmen.

Change of Color in Fish.

John on Sporting, says that the change of color in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black-burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes within half an hour, of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it in a dark-colored or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white colored fish shows most conspicuously on the dark ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this facility of adapting this color to the bottom of the water in which it lives is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same color as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of color is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.

A Freak of Nature.

A communication in the *Courier* from the late editor of that paper states that Mr. Wm. Carter, of Cambridge, has a healthy and well formed calf, having a coat of wool instead of hair! There is no perceptible difference in the appearance of the animal's hide, from that of a sheep, of the same age. Like the sheep, the face and the lower part of the legs are covered with short and not very pliant hair; the rest of the body has a covering of wool, which, to all appearance, may afford as liberal a fleece as a true Saxon or Merino.—*Boston Journal.*

Personal Sketches.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

BY T. NOON TALFOURD.

Descended from an illustrious family, Ignatius had in his youth been a courtier and a cavalier, and if not a poet, at least a cultivator of poetry. At the siege of Pampeluna his leg was broken, and, after the failure of mere vulgar leeches, was set by a touch from the hand of the prince of apostles. Yet St. Peter's therapeutic skill was less perfect than might have been expected from so exalted a surgeon; for a splinter still protruded through the skin, and the limb was shrunk and shortened. To regain his fair proportions, Ignatius had himself literally stretched on the rack; and expiated, by a long confinement to his couch, this singular experiment to reduce his refractory bones and sinews. Books of knight-errantry relieved the lassitude of sickness, and, when these were exhausted, he betook himself to a series of still more marvelous romances. In the legends of the Saints the disabled soldier discovered a new field of emulation and of glory. Compared with their self-conquests and their high rewards, the achievements and the renown of Roland and of Amadis waxed dim. Compared with the peerless damsels for whose smiles Paladins had fought and died, how transcendently glorious the image of feminine loveliness and angelic purity which had irradiated the hermit's cell and the path of

the wayworn pilgrims! Far as the heavens are above the earth would be the plighted fealty of the knight of the Virgin mother beyond the noblest devotion of mere human chivalry. In her service he would cast his shield over the church which ascribed to her more than celestial dignities; and bathe in the blood of her enemies the sword once desecrated to the mean ends of worldly ambition. Nor were these vows unheeded by her to whom they were addressed. Envied in light, and clasping her infant to her bosom, she revealed herself to the adoring gaze of her companion. At that heavenly vision, all fantasies of worldly and sensual delight, like exorcised demons, fled from his soul into an eternal exile. He rose, suspended at her shrine his secular weapons, performed there his nocturnal vigils and with returning day retired to consecrate his future life to the glory of the *Virgo Deipara*.

To these erotic dreams succeeded stern realities; convulsive agonies of prayer, wailing of remorse, and self-inflicted bodily torments. Exchanging dresses with a beggar, he lined his garb with prickly thorns, fasted to the verge of starvation, assumed the demeanor of an idiot, became too loathsome for human contact, and then, plunging into a gloomy cavern, surrendered himself up to such wrestlings with the evil spirit, and to such vicissitudes of rapture and despair, that in the storm of turbid passions his reason had nearly given way. Friendly hands dragged him from his hiding-place; and hands, in intention at least, not less friendly, recorded his feverish ravings. At one time, he conversed with voices audible to no ear but his; at another, he sought to propitiate him before whom he trembled, by expiations which would have been more fitly offered to Moloch. Spiritual doctors ministered to his relief, but they prescribed in vain. Too simple for their subtilized perception was the simple truth, that in revealing himself to mankind in the character of a father, that awful Being has claimed as peculiarly his own, the gentlest, the kindest, and the most confiding affections of our nature.

At the verge of madness, Ignatius paused.—That noble intellect was not to be whelmed beneath the tempests in which so many have sunk, nor was his deliverance to be accomplished by any vulgar methods. Standing on the steps of a Dominican church, he recited the office of Our Lady, when suddenly heaven itself was laid open to the eye of the worshiper. That ineffable mystery, which the author of the Athanasian creed has labored to enunciate in words, was disclosed to him as an object not of faith but of actual sight.—The past ages of the world were rolled back in his presence, and he beheld the material fabric of things rising into being, and perceived the motives which had prompted the exercise of the creative energy. To his spiritualized sense was disclosed the actual process by which the host is transubstantiated; and the other Christian verities which it is permitted to common men to receive but as exercises of their belief, now became to him the objects of immediate inspection and of direct consciousness. For eight successive days his body reposed in an unbroken trance; while his spirit thus imbibed disclosures for which the tongues of men have no appropri-

ate language. In a volume of four-score leaves he attempted indeed to impart them; but, dark with excess of light, his words held the learned and ignorant alike in speechless wonder.

Ignatius returned to this sublunary scene with a mission not unmeet for an envoy from the empyrean world, of which he had thus become a temporary denizen. He returned to establish on earth a theocracy, of which he should himself be the first administrator, and to which every tribe and kindred of men should be subject. He returned no longer a sordid half-distracted anchorite, but, strange to tell, a man distinguished not more by the gigantic magnitude of his designs, than by the clear good sense, the profound sagacity, the calm perseverance, and the flexible address with which he was to pursue them. History affords no more perfect illustration how readily delirious enthusiasm and the shrewdness of the exchange may combine and harmonize in minds of the heroic order. A Swedenborg-Franklin, reconciling in himself these antagonist propensities, is no monster of the fancy.

Alboni, the Singer.

Alboni, you know, is a contralto, and is singing her third season only. Personally, she is large, with a face of generous features and smiling expression, and her thick black hair cut short, so that when she sings in *Semiramide* or the drinking-song (*la Brindisi*) from *Lucrezia Borgia*, her masculine attire is very absurd and amusing. She is no actor, and merely moves about the stage until her turn to sing. Then it would be difficult to imagine a contralto sweeter, more flexible more powerful or cultivated. In fact, her voice is the voice with which you would endow a handsome, fat Italian woman, full of fun—if it were only a soprano. The critics call it a wonderful organ. The style of that remark is true, because it is only the voice which interests. The woman is pretty and pleasing enough, (saving virtue, I know,) but she does not interest one as an artist. Had she no voice, she would have nothing more, which is not the case with women of genius, whose voice is their *instrument*, as with Jenny Lind, and, I suppose, Malibran and Grisi.

Yet is she an exquisite singer. With such ease and roundness and fullness the clear notes rise and float and sink, that in the drinking song of *Lucrezia*, one must smile with entire delight. A single ornament only does she allow herself in that—one trill, which is so long continued, so varied and shaded and facile, that you hear the bright, transparent bubbling of the wine, and are more beautifully intoxicated than if you drank it.

Sketches of Travel.

ENGLISH NOBILITY.

BY HENRY COLMAN.

The following fine description of an English nobleman's style of living, is taken from Colman's "European Life and manners;"—a work abounding in elegant and natural description. If he makes a little free with the affairs of his hosts, he does it with a simplicity and humor, that precludes offense:

I had supposed I had seen, several times before, the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this I confess went beyond what I had met with, and the beauty of the whole was, that though there were so many parts, wheel within wheel, and one spring depending for its tension and movements upon another, yet there was not the slightest jarring or creaking, and although, for aught I know, there were one hundred servants about, and I do not believe there were many less, you would scarcely have supposed, from any noise by night or day, that there was one within a mile.

I asked, when I retired, what time do you breakfast? The Duke replied, "just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine precisely, and found the Duchess at her breakfast. About half-past nine the Duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after. At breakfast, the side-table would have on it, cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the table were several kinds of the best bread possible, butter always fresh, made that morning, as I have found at all these houses; and if you ask for coffee, or chocolate, it would be bro't to you in a silver coffee-pot, and you helped yourself; if for tea, you would have a silver urn to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot, and a small caddie of black and green tea to make for yourself, or the servant for you. The papers of the morning, from London, (for a country paper is rarely seen,) were then brought to you, and your letters, if any. At breakfast, the arrangements were made for the day, and if you were to ride, choose your mode, and at the minute, the horses and servants would be at the door.

At two o'clock is the lunch, which I was not at home to take, and very rarely do take.—A lunch at such houses, is in fact a dinner; the table is set at half-past one, not quite so large as for dinner. Commonly, there is roast meat warm, birds, warm or cold, cold chicken, cold beef, cold ham, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, beer, ale and wines, and every one takes it as he pleases, standing, sitting, waiting for the rest, or not, and going away when he pleases; dinner at seven, sometimes at eight, when all are congregated in the drawing-room, five minutes before the hour, in full dress. I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses, there is always a bill of fare—in this case written, I had almost said engraved, on the most elegant and embossed colored paper; always in French, and passed round to the guests.—Three days in succession, we had different kinds of excellent fish, taken from ponds directly in the neighborhood of the house, on the Duke's own grounds. After dinner, we had, every day, peaches, nectarines, grapes and pine-apples in abundance. There were six of us at dinner, daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery; the livery here, consists of light yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white cotton or silk stockings, and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulets on each shoulder, and white cravats; those out of livery were in full suits of black, and if you meet the female servants of the upper class, you

must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress.—After dinner, in half an hour, the ladies retire, and in an another half hour the gentlemen meet them in the drawing-room. Then do what you please; read, play, talk, look at pictures and books, wait the retiring of others, or, at your pleasure, you may find a candle in the passage, and go to your chamber, where you find a good fire, and everything requisite to your comfort and convenience, in perfect readiness and order. If you want a servant, there is one at your elbow; if you require a laundress, your valet will take your clothes, and they will be returned as soon as possible, in the best order, with the bill.—Now adieu.

P. S. I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day, after using your basin, you would find it clean, and the pitcher replenished on your return; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau, and at the dressing hour before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for use. I never saw more attention. I can hardly conceive of more perfect house-keeping, for you scarcely ever see or hear anybody, unless you ring a bell, when a servant instantly appears before you, as if from the wainscoting. I hope these details, as they are all designed for your personal gratification, will be to your taste.

Religious.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible *causes* than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities—varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defense. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers becomes extinct, often long before. Nothing,

indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel anything but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philosophic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment they fell. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else: and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits which, though a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir W. Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. "Can you ask?" said Sir Walter,—"there is but one;" and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an equal genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we, by any stretch of imagination, suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?"—*Edinburgh Review*.

Servants' Sundays.

I have known poor tormented chamber and nursery maids, who could laugh and dance six and a half days in the week, on Sunday afternoon be unable to eat; on that day, their heart and their weary life were too heavy; then they dwelt so long upon the memory of their obscure, humble home, till they found there in some little dark place, even an old neglected grave of father or mother, and there they sat themselves down and wept till the mistress came home again. Countesses, princesses, West Indians, baronesses, ye who, like true women, rule the slaves of your beauty more severely than the slaves of your service, be not imperious to the latter on Sunday afternoon. The people in your service are often poor country people, to whom the Sunday, which does not exist for them in cities, in the great world, or upon great journeys, was, in their childhood's time, when they were happy, a blessed day of rest. Willingly do they stand by thee, on the festivals, empty and thirsty; upon thy marriage and funeral feasts; without any wishes of their own, they hold the plate and the dress; but on Sunday, the

festival of the people of humanity itself, the day upon which, with them, turn all the hopes of the week, and the poor believe that some few of the joys of the wide earth are guaranteed to them; that on this day, the joys of childhood, of that time when they really had some part in the covenant of grace and peace, must return again—that blessed time when they had no school hours, their best apparel, resting parents, playing children, the evening roast, green meadows, and a walk within them, where the social freedom of the fresh heart adorned the whole fresh world. Dear lady! if then, on Sundays, these thy menials wade less deeply into labor, that Lethe of the past and the present; if their dark life invests them more painfully; and sighing over the unfruitfulness of the present, they recall the merry sounds of their pure childhood, which to every man promises an Eden—then chide not, nor punish their tears; but let the longing, home sick soul wander without thy castle gates till the going down of the sun.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Beautiful Picture.

A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministration we are inclined to do good and turn from evil.

THE BIBLE IN ITALY.—Arrangements, it is stated, have already been made for printing the Scriptures in five of the principal cities, and colporteurs are appointed for distribution.

Scientific.

WANT OF SLEEP.

In Dr. Brigham's opinion the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. "So rarely," he says, "do we see a recent case of insanity, that is not preceded by a want of sleep, that we regard it as almost the sure precursor of mental derangement." He continues:

Notwithstanding strong hereditary predisposition, ill health, loss of kindred or property, insanity rarely results unless the exciting causes are such as to occasion loss of sleep. A mother loses her only child, the merchant his fortune; the politician, the scholar, the enthusiast, may have their minds powerfully excited and disturbed; yet if they sleep well, they will not become insane. We find no advice so useful to those who are predisposed to insanity, or to those who have recovered from an attack, as to carefully avoid everything likely to cause loss of sleep, to pass their evenings tranquilly at home, and to retire early to rest. Long continued wakefulness disorders the whole system. The appetite becomes impaired, the secretions diminished or changed, the mind dejected, and soon waking dreams occur and strange phantoms appear, which at first may be transient, but ultimately take possession of the mind, and madness or death ensues.

We wish we could impress upon all, the vast importance of securing sound and abundant sleep; if so we should feel that we had done an immense good to our fellow beings, not merely in preventing insanity, but other diseases also. We are confident that the origin of much of the nervousness, and impaired health of individuals who are not decidedly sick, is owing to a want of sufficient and quiet rest. To procure this should be the study of every one. I have always taken care," said the worthy Dr. Holyoke, after he was above 100 years of age, "to have a free proportion of sleep, which I suppose has contributed to my longevity." We fear that the great praise of early rising has had this bad effect, to make some believe sleep was but of little consequence. Though it may be well to arise with the sun, or when it is light, (not before however,) yet this is of minor importance, in comparison with retiring early to bed.

Dr. Brigham gives the following hints for the procuring of sound sleep:

1st. It is important in the first place that the mind should not be disturbed for several hours before retiring to rest.

2d. Retire early, and neither when very warm or cold; sleep on a hair mattress, or on a bed not very soft. The bed-room should be large and well ventilated, and the bed should not be placed near the wall, or near a window as such an arrangement often exposes the person to currents of cold air.

3d. There should be nothing tight about the neck, and the Chinese rule of brushing the teeth before retiring, is a good one. Tea or coffee taken late in the evening is apt to disturb sleep. Strive to banish thoughts, as much as possible, on retiring to rest, or take up but the most dull subject. Study during the evening is improper.

The Solar System.

Prof. Nichol, of Glasgow University, delivered a lecture before the Whittington Club, London, and closed it with the following extraordinary language:—"The planets are retained in their orbits, because two opposite forces exactly balance each other. But modern astronomy has proved that there is a power at work destroying their balance. From observations made on the retarded return of Encke's comet, and its gradual approximation to the sun, we learn the existence of a fluid, an ether, which however subtle, tends to diminish the centrifugal force and add to the attraction of the sun. However slowly it may approach, we may yet contemplate the day when this present system shall pass away; not, however, into a vast rain, but in its own beautiful and majestic order, just like a flower, which having adorned the earth, lets drop its leaves when its work is done, and falls back obediently upon its mother's bosom."

The Common Watch.

The common watch is, in many of its parts, a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheel work which transmits the motion of the mainspring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practiced mechanic. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and

ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among forty trades—to say nothing of the tool-makers for all of these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be relearnt, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised; and the majority of the workmen to begin life again. During this interval, the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of “winding up their watches,” as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of “vested interests,” which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Novel Invention—A One Wheeled Carriage—The Horses Inside.

A new and very novel invention, called a one wheeled coach, has recently been tried with success, and promises to be of much value, especially upon prairies, or wherever the surface of the ground is tolerably level. The vehicle consists of a large hollow wheel, 14 feet in diameter and 6 feet wide. The horses are placed inside, and propel it along in the same manner that a caged squirrel makes his wheels to revolve. Slats are nailed on the inside floor of the wheel, by which the horses obtain foothold. In the center is a small iron shaft, from which depend hangers which support four comfortable sofas for the passengers.

Science in the Kitchen.

Professor Liebig, in a letter to Professor Silliman, says:—“The method of roasting is obviously the best to make flesh the most nutritious. But it does not follow that boiling is to be interdicted. If a piece of meat be put into cold water, and this heated to boiling, and boiled until it is ‘done,’ it will become harder and have less taste than if the same piece had been thrown into water already boiling. In the first case, the matters grateful to the smell and taste, go into the extract—the soup; in the second, the albumen of the meat coagulates from the surface inward, and envelopes the interior with a layer which is impregnable to water.”

Tobacco and Mortality.

At the last meeting of the Academie des Sciences, Paris, a paper was brought forward by M. Carbonnel, upon the effects of tobacco on the workmen to make cigars and prepare tobacco. It would appear that out of 420 females whose husbands followed that occupation, 356 had twins; but with regard to health, out of 1,000 workmen, 340 became emaciated to the highest degree, and 64 in a secondary manner.—*Scientific American*.

New Calculating Machine.

Two miserably poor young men, residing in an obscure village, in the department of the Isere, in France, have succeeded, it is said, after ten years’ labor, in completing a machine

declared to be superior to any yet invented. The Academy of Sciences have issued a most “eulogistic report” on it.—*The Builder*.

What is Ozone?

Ozone is that peculiarity of the atmosphere, according to Dr. Bird, of Chicago, which causes cholera; the Washington Union says:

“Ozone is formed in the air by decomposition of its water, through disturbances of its electrical equilibrium. Its nature and compositions are uncertain. It has heretofore been detected in the atmosphere during the prevalence of epidemics, varying in quantity with the violence of the disease.”

Miscellany.

GEM.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling on the sea,
And when she saw the wide spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.

“What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!”

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed he,
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!

A BUTTON.

John, who is always too punctilious,
Got up, one morning, rather bilious,
And thus began to scold:—
“Say!—where’s that button? you’re a wife
To worry out a fellow’s life—
How oft must you be told?”
But madam with a ready wit
That cured her spouse’s angry fit,
Cried “dearest, do not scoff
About that little button, John—
I really meant to put it on—
But then I—put it off!”

Preseverance of Audubon.

“An incident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked at all my drawings before my departure, placed them in charge of a relative with the injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasure of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure.

The box was produced and opened; but, reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and they had reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a month previous, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being recalled into action, I took up my gun, my note book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than before. And ere a period not exceeding three years elapsed, my portfolio was again filled.

Who is Mr. Voluntary Contributions?

At the foot of a green slope, in one of the beautiful valleys that opened into the picturesque valley of Stroud, there stands a neat little edifice, dedicated to the worship of the Supreme. Upon its unpretending facade is this inscription:—“Erected by voluntary contributions.” “Who is Mr. Voluntary Contributions?” said a genteel young lady, as she for the first time passed by with her new school-fellows towards the parish church, which stood in the distance, embosomed in rich foliage. “Aye, who could he be, the good, dear old gentleman? Some charitable squire, without doubt; some eccentric peer, or perhaps bishop.” The girl is the type of a numerous class. Many are as ignorant as she of “Mr. Voluntary Contributions.” They pass along through our cities and towns, and although on every hand the marvels he has wrought exhibit themselves to their view, they know and understand him not.—*Principality*.

Kossuth.

This distinguished Hungarian leader is said to be a powerful writer, an eloquent orator, a statesman of consummate ability, and in all points a truly great man. His oratory is astonishing. He has fine features, and a commanding presence. He addressed, and carried the Germans in German. He spoke to the Slaves in the mountain cities in the Slovak languages, and raised them to a pitch of fearful excitement. The Catholic clergy he gained in their assembled Council at Sumog, by a thrilling speech in Latin. He has already run a career of glory, and the way seems clear before him for yet higher renown. He has succeeded in fastening the world, and engaging the sympathies of the true friends of freedom.—*Evening Museum*.

Human Nature.

“Is that the prisoner?” said one spectator to another, during a trial for manslaughter.

“Yes,” was the reply.

“Ah! indeed! What a dreadful look he has, especially about his eyes! But who is that respectable looking man at his side, in the green vest?”

“In the green vest? Why that is the prisoner himself. The other man is the lawyer.”

“Well, now I do begin to see that fellow in the green vest don’t look so respectable after all. Indeed, he has just the air of an old offender.”—*Apalachian*.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

Sympathy for Rome.

Some surprise has been expressed that the American people do not manifest more active sympathy with the Romans in their present gallant struggle. It is thought the land which has always encouraged, by its voice, the cause of freedom in Ireland and other European countries, presents an anomaly in thus looking coldly on, while the awakened children of the Eternal City are battling for freedom against such fearful odds.

But to charge the Americans with a want of interest in this movement, is most cruel and unjust. True, the active demonstrations of aid, have not been witnessed, which greeted Ireland in her extremity of famine; the Press may not have spoken as loudly, as when it was thought that the latter country had roused herself for a death struggle.—But the causes are manifest. America has ever been the Irishman's second home, and thousands of them are dwelling in our midst, awakening, by their presence and feeling, our ready sympathy for their oppressed countrymen. There, too, the struggle has been that of long years; of a people beaten, and bullied, and tricked into submission to a foreign power. Our sensibilities have been continually kept alive by the agitations of O'Connell and his coadjutors, and every fresh outbreak brings vividly to our minds the sad history of 1803, and renews our apprehensions of its repetition.

How different is Rome. Much farther removed from us, and differing in language, custom, religion and government, few of her sons have ever become citizens amongst us. To America, she has always seemed ignorant, degraded, spiritless; an object of interest only on account of her history, and reliefs of former glory. The idea of Rome becoming once more a free and powerful city, after ages of degradation and shame, is one which nothing short of a Nineteenth Century miracle could realize.

Therefore, when the present movement commenced, men looked on in incredulous wonder, believing it an impulsive outbreak which would speedily cease. Many, too, regarded it with horror as the warfare of a wicked people against their spiritual father, and which Heaven would speedily terminate. Both, it seems, were mistaken. The Romans have shown a courage and patriotism and hatred of the Papal supremacy, which forbid all expectations of their easy subjection. The world has been too astonished to applaud.

That Americans *do* sympathise, all must feel.—But so sudden have been the changes—so strange the convulsions of the nations surrounding her—so overpowering the interest excited by the movements of Russia and France—that their sympathy has found but imperfect utterance in words. At this most active of business seasons—with California on the one hand, and the whole of rocking Europe on the other—America must take breath before giving a loud huzzza even for Rome.

Again, some may, with us, entertain comparatively slight apprehensions for her fate. In Hungary, we see, indeed, combined hundreds of thousands prepared to crush the brave freemen who are in arms to defend their rights. In Germany, we

feel that an army of feudal princes have woven the meshes of power completely around the masses who begin to chafe under oppression. But, though Rome is beleaguered by three armies, we cannot but believe that she is safe. The Spaniard has fled without a blow; the Neapolitan retreats to protect his own capital; the Austrian has been told by France that it concerns the honor of that Republic to deal with Rome, alone. And, after the expressions of fraternal feeling indulged by the soldiers, and the resistless public opinion as expressed in the late elections, we believe that *France* dare not offer to Rome, terms whose acceptance shall not be alike honorable to both.

God speed the right!

The Crevasse.

Although the Crevasse is in every body's mouth, it has not yet flowed into their understandings; and very few know the extent of the catastrophe, or the almost inevitable fate of the city of New Orleans. The whole country, for hundreds of miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, is a mere deposit of alluvial matter, brought down by the river from the mountains. Consequently, it is low, and mostly marshy. The mighty mass of waters, rushing through this unstable alluvium, is constantly changing its course, in consequence of the deposit of mud in the bed of the river which gradually raises it above the surrounding country. The city of New Orleans, and the plantations, for a great distance on the river, are protected by artificial embankments called levees. These levees, at the city, are built of solid masonry, and there is little danger of their giving way. But above and below it, the planters have not been able to build them of sufficient strength to guard against the countless and ever-varying currents and eddies incident upon the season of floods.

Crevasse is a local term, and signifies a crevice, or gap, with the current of water rushing through it. There is no corresponding word in English.—The Crevasse in the present case, which is threatening the entire destruction of the city, is fourteen miles above, on the plantation of a Mr. Sauve; hence its name the *Sauve* Crevasse. The water, which has rushed through in a perfect cataract, and so far bid defiance to all efforts to stop it, has filled up the low, swampy regions, and entered the city in the rear. An unprecedented rise of lake Pontchartrain, has also assisted in the matter, and at the last advices, only two or three streets next to the levee, were exempt from the flood. The suffering, and misery of the inhabitants is almost incalculable. The whole of the poorer population, are driven from their homes, without a shelter for their heads; the Hospitals are crowded to overflowing; the burial-places are submerged; and pestilence, engendered by the miasma arising from filth and stagnant water, is making rapid strides. In this condition of affairs, New Orleans stretches out her hands, and cries for aid. We hope and trust her appeal to the sympathies of the people will not be in vain, and that she may receive that aid in her time of need, which she has ever been ready to bestow upon others.

Encouraging.

Not the least favorable of the happy omens which have encouraged our enterprise, is the good opinion we seem to have won from the ladies. Several of our fair cotemporaries have taken occasion to praise us in a manner that would quite overpower our modesty, were not that characteristic strength-

ened by another which shall be un-named. Nevertheless, there seems to be something in our unhappy Prospectus to interfere with the views of each. We will acquit this unfortunate document of any malice prepense, in the matter, and must attribute its little eccentricities to the influence of some angry planet, presiding over its birth.

We highly value the following, because Mrs. Swisshelm has the reputation of speaking good sense, and that very honestly.

THE LITERARY UNION.

Such is the name of a weekly paper recently commenced in Syracuse, N. Y. W. W. Newman, Proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and James Johannot, Editors. It is printed on a Royal Quarto sheet of 16 pages, at \$2 per annum. This is an excellent Journal. It mingles the useful, the ornamental, and the amusing, in an admirable manner. The articles, original and selected, evince taste and judgment, while a vein of pure morality runs through the whole. The Editors seem to think that Literature has higher aims and uses than merely to amuse and entertain; that it should tend to elevate and improve—to make men wiser and better. In this they are right. When Literature ceases to be a *mean* rather than an *end*; when it is no longer subservient to human progress, moral, social, and political, it should cease to be cultivated.

May the "Union" be well sustained, though we are sorry to infer from a remark or two in the prospectus, that it is a little behind the age, or at least behind *us* in respect to the rights of those whom it "would not have emulated their *soi-disant* lords in the battle-field, or in the broils of the Senate House."—*Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor*.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The removal of this gentleman from a small office which he held in his own town, is giving rise to many comments from the Press;—the Democrats, of course, severely censuring the act, and the Whigs apologizing.

The facts are scarcely known. The plea urged by one journal, that Mr. Hawthorne's reputation as a writer, cannot have reached the ears of the government, is surely unsound; no public man *should* be thus ignorant; no intelligent man, *can* be. If the government knew Mr. Hawthorne to be a politician, or incapable, the act is just; if political opinion, alone, is made a cause, it is as plainly wrong; while, if it results from ignorance, we hope amends may be made by the tender of a still better office, to one of the ablest, and most amiable and deserving of our literary men; one, too, whose bread is wearily earned with his pen.

Proceedings of the Board of Health.

At a meeting of the Board of Health, held at the Common Council Room, on the 18th day of June, 1849, it was

Resolved, That the Board of Health are happy in again being able to report to their fellow citizens the continued good health of the city, and that no case of Cholera has yet appeared in our bounds.—They desire again to renew their urgent request, that all the regulations and directions of the Board may be strictly complied with, and they feel assured, that with proper precautions, the cholera may be greatly mitigated in its character, if not entirely averted.

Adjourned to the 25th inst., at 6 o'clock, P.M.
E. W. LEAVENWORTH, Pres't.
S. CORNING JUDD, Clerk.

Literary.

NOTICES.

VIEWS A-FOOT; or, Europe seen with knapsack and staff. By J. Bayard Taylor. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.

Every body has heard of Bayard Taylor, the man who traveled over the most interesting parts of Europe with *five hundred dollars*, and that mostly earned by his pen, while absent. Here is the result of that adventurous tour, and told in just such a style as we should expect from such a man.

Perhaps in no department of Literature is the public more often imposed upon than in books of travel. These have been multiplied, by men who are professionally book-makers, till it would seem that every corner and curiosity of the Old World is as familiar to us as our own neighborhood; but a youth, with his knapsack and pilgrim staff, starts forth to *see* what others have glanced at, and lo! straight before us are conjured up scenes whose mingled freshness and familiarity surprise us into an unexpected delight.

In reading this book, our pleasure is enhanced by feeling that it is *true*; we cannot suspect any part of it to have been written for effect. And then, by his mode of travel, he has been enabled to see vastly more of the countries he visited, than those who travel in state; and the same circumstance has the better prepared his mind for their description. Withal, he possesses the eye of an artist—the soul of a poet—the intellect of a man; and these have enabled him to make a book which will be read with profit and delight by all who possess any part of his own characteristics.

For sale at Wynkoop's.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for June. Scott & Co.'s Republication.

Maga, this month, is unusually rich. The articles are on subjects especially interesting, and written with marked ability.

It contains a continuation of "The Caxtons"—capital, of course—; a most interesting review headed "The Romance of Russian History;" a tale, with the queer title, "Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian, an Anglo-Catholic;" an able essay on "Austria and Hungary;" a conservative article entitled "Feudalism in the Nineteenth Century;" a history of the "Civil Revolution in the Canadas," as the writer calls the movement there for some years past; No. I. of a series of sketches styled "*Dies Boreales*." These last, if they approach, in merit, anywhere near the inimitable "Noctes," to which they seem a sort of supplement, cannot fail of rejuvenating Blackwood, and throwing around its readers, again, the fascination of that glorious circle whose wit and sentiment so long delighted the literary world.

Stoddard & Babcock, Agents.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for May.

Scott's Republication of No XXI. of the North British Review, has been received, and contains the following articles: The Philosophy of Religion; Vaughan's Poems; a second plea for Ragged Schools; a Tour in Sutherlandshire; David Scott; Memories of Lucien Bonaparte; The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul; Nineveh and its Remains; The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope; The Registration Bill.

Stoddard & Babcock, are the Agents.

THE WORLD AS IT MOVES, No. 11.

The contents of Chambers' Journal (reprint), are as follows:—"Utopias;" "The Chamber of Refuge;" "Occasional Notes;" "Electro-Biology;" "Parting of the Hindoo Bride and her Mother;" "Our Correspondents;" "Alligators Boarded and Lodged;" "Ocean Penny Postage;" and "A Few Short Years."

Besides these, there is an article from the London Quarterly, on the "Nimroud Sculptures;" "Pasta and her Pupil;" "The Christian Ministry;" "The Arctic Expedition;" "Revelations of the Inquisition;" "Earthquakes in Chili;" some scientific matter, and a foreign miscellany.

New-York: Lockwood & Co., \$5.00 per annum; published weekly.

THE N. Y. ORGAN. Pictorial for the Fourth of July.

We have received a copy of this sheet, which the Publishers designate as their first effort to "present a sheet that should serve the cause of TEMPERANCE and VIRTUE."

In furtherance of so good an object, we would call attention to the PICTORIAL ORGAN, as being one of the finest sheets we have seen, and of a character calculated to *do good*. We gave the terms a fortnight since, and again give the Publishers' address—Oliver & Brother, 128, Fulton st., N. Y.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 266.

Contains the two leading articles from Blackwood, besides its usual summary of Foreign and Domestic intelligence.

For sale at Palmer's.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for July.

In this beautiful No., Godey has amply fulfilled his promises of last month. It contains eighty-four pages, and thirteen engravings;—the latter in the best style of the art.

Indeed, we have not, in a long time before, been so well pleased with the illustrations. That of the "Traveled Monkey" is rich beyond description, in conceit and execution. "The First Parting" is nearly as good, in its way.

Of the literary contents we can say nothing, for we have just received it; nor need we say anything of a Magazine known as Godey is.

For sale at Palmer's.

WRIGHT'S CASKET.

This is a paper devoted to the cause of improvement, in the most honorable sense of that word, and published monthly for 25 cents a year! At such a price, a paper so large and handsome, and so intelligently conducted, ought to circulate as universally as the blood through the body.

A. E. Wright, 65, South Third St., Philadelphia; Actuary of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

INTELLIGENCE.

A recent letter from Philadelphia, to a gentleman in Boston, says—

"Mr. Forrest played Richelieu, at the Walnut street Theater, last evening, to a house of \$60, all told."

Mrs. Farren is playing very successfully at St. Louis theater.

Mr. Wilson will be at Buffalo in a few days.—Manvers and Miss Brienti, are there giving operatic soirees in full costume, assisted by Mrs. Clark, who, it seems, has succeeded Brough, and is an-

nounced for Count Rodolpho, and other parts of the same kind.

Dempster is giving concerts in Philadelphia.

Silsbee, the Yankee, is engaged at the Detroit theater.

Booth is playing at the Adelphi, Washington. Mary Gannon is also there.

Collins, the Irishman, is in Providence.

Madame Bishop and troupe, have arrived at Mobile, from Havana, on their way to Mexico.

Murdoch is at the Buffalo theater.

The Trustees of the Astor Library closed their examination of the designs submitted in competition for the building on the 25th ult., and awarded E. & A. Saelster, the premium of \$300 for the best design, and that of \$200 for the second in merit to J. Kenwick, Jr. A large number of designs were offered.—*Literary World*.

Rev. Henry Giles, the brilliant and celebrated lecturer, is to preach regularly to the Unitarian Society of Calais, Me.

Political.

No Neutrality—no Partisanship.

Postage.

No financial measure was ever more bitterly attacked than the reduction of postage in 1849; and yet few, if any, instances of reduction have ever produced a greater social benefit. Those who were so enthusiastic as to imagine that the appetite for correspondence might be as easily excited as a love for porter or tobacco, have found their sanguine prognostics of immediate success and undiminished revenue unfulfilled. But those who were responsible for proposing the change were more cautious. They admitted the enormous loss that, for a time, must be sustained, and they demanded, and obtained, a legislative pledge that such loss should be made good. The experiment was made in 1839, and we are now enabled to refer to the experience of nine years. The number of chargeable letters, including franks, has increased from 82 1-2 millions in 1839, to the prodigious number of 1329 millions in 1848, and the gross revenue for the year 1847, has arisen to £2,181,000, being within £150,000 of the amount received in 1839, before the reduction.

It is true that the net amount paid to the Exchequer, though steadily advancing, is considerably less than it has been under the old system. But this may be traced to a succession of expensive improvements which must have been adopted, at an equal charge, had no reduction of postage taken place. The impatience of commerce is as great as that of love itself. The bill of exchange as well as the sigh which is to be wafted from Indus to the Pole, brooks no delay. Steam carriages and steam boats must all be put in requisition. Our West India colonies demand a special line of packets. It is granted; but the contract amounts to £240,000. Sam Slick and M. Papineau demand justice to Nova Scotia and Canada; and the Halifax packets are established at a cost of £145,000. Our annual packet contracts exceed £580,000, and the admiralty expends a further sum of £111,000 for the same service. France, Mehemet Ali, and the East India Company offer their co-operation; a change is made—and we are brought within six weeks of Bombay. Nor do we confine our labors within the limits of our own possessions. Callao and Valparaiso, Ceylon and Hong Kong, the Celestial Empire as well as our Australian continent, are all provided with steam communication; and thus

there is scarcely a part of the globe into which the great moving power of St. Martin's-le-Grand is not brought into immediate contact.

The example we have set has been followed, or is about to influence the postal arrangements of other countries; and it is a triumph to the advocates of Post Office reform, to find the portraits of Washington and Franklin adopted as the symbols of that improved system, which is represented in our monarchy by the engraved head of our own sovereign.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Law Reform.

As an illustration of the necessity of law reform, it was stated in the Michigan Senate, recently, that an action of debt to recover \$1000, was staved off by the defendant insisting that it should have been covenant instead of debt. The question was carried from court to court, and kept in litigation seven years, at the end of which time, the plaintiff gave up the suit, through sheer weariness, and had to pay costs exceeding the amount of his claim, and all this because of a mere technical difficulty.

Facts, like the above, are not of rare occurrence, and they should strongly enforce upon every lover of justice, the necessity of reform. In this state a long step has been taken towards disencumbering legal proceedings of mere technical embarrassments, and we are happy to say, the legal profession, the parties most likely to be benefitted by the law's obscurity, have been among the most earnest advocates of the change. Much remains to be done in other states, and it is an object worthy of the most enlightened philanthropy. It is the interest of all honest men, that the laws be as simple and intelligible as possible.—*N. Y. Organ*.

From the Quaker City.

Queer Contrasts

Take place in this lower world. Looking over an English paper the other day, we saw the following paragraphs, side by side:

PARAGRAPH ONE.

"At the great State Ball, the Queen wore a dress of pink tulle, with two petticoats trimmed with pink and white gauze ribbons, ornamented with pink and white roses, green leaves, and diamonds. Her Majesty's head-dress was composed of a wreath of pink and white roses, green leaves, and diamonds, to correspond to the dress."

PARAGRAPH TWO.

"The prospect of Famine and Pestilence gathers darkly on the horizon of Ireland. It is estimated that 50,000 will be slain by famine this summer. Every day brings news of death by starvation. Death and Despair have claimed Ireland for their own."

The Peace Congress

Are to hold a second annual meeting at Paris, in the month of August next. Lamartine, of France, and Mr. Cobden, of England, are expected to take part in the Convention. An address, signed by Henry Richards and Elihu Burritt, in behalf of the "Peace Congress Committee in London," has been sent to the "Congress of Nations Committee in the United States," urging them to send such a delegation of men, women, and money, as will make a ship load "which, as they land on the shores of the old world, will send to the heart of the war-demon, so long enthroned there, a thrill of terror, which will be felt as an omen of its approaching doom, and gladden the face of humanity with the smile of an unwonted hope."—*Exchange*.

California a State.

The immense emigration to California, from all parts of the world, renders it highly probable that a State government will be formed there in time for admission to the Union at the next session of Congress. The incipient steps for forming a government, were to be taken some time this month, which will probably end in the adoption of a State Constitution, which will be forwarded to Congress for approval. If this be so, and it appears more than probable, the question of slavery in the new territory, will be settled forever, for the present population is decidedly opposed to it. Time and its course of events, sometimes effect objects that the combined wisdom of the nation is unable to accomplish.—*Ledger*.

Office Seekers.

There are about one hundred and fifty subordinate offices in the Philadelphia Custom House and Post Office, and two thousand applications have been made for those in the Custom House alone. Only about nineteen hundred will be disappointed.—*Apalachian*.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

Free Baths.

We publish to-day in full, the report of the committee of the Board of Aldermen, to whom was referred the resolution of Alderman Schultz, in favor of establishing Bathing Houses for the poor.—We ask for this report a careful reading; and, in the language of the Board, move its adoption. According to the good old divine, "cleanliness is next to Godliness," and in the words of the poet,

"Even from the body's purity,
The mind receives a kindly sympathetic aid."

This is not only a sanitary, but a moral measure; and we trust there will be no delay in carrying it into effect. There are no cholera preventives half so sure as temperance and purity. The great mass of the people seem to be content with washing their face and hands, but the introduction of the Croton into our houses, and the spread of the cold-water-cure doctrines have made daily bathing an indispensable necessity to the rich and well-to-do, who will have baths at any cost now that their benefits have been learned. What the rich find to be indispensable to their own health, they are bound to provide for the poor, and therefore we trust that our City Guardians will not hesitate to adopt the report recommending the establishment of free baths, and the work of erection will be commenced at once, for now is the time when they are most needed. There is not the same need for washing houses here that exists in the large towns of England, but that they would be a great blessing even here there can hardly be a doubt, and as the cost will be trifling compared with the good they will be likely to effect, we think that the Committee have acted wisely in recommending their establishment. Filth and self-respect can never keep company, and, as one of the most efficient means of moral elevation, habits of personal cleanliness should be encouraged among those unfortunates who are very justly denominated "unwashed democracy" of the lower classes.—*N. Y. Ev. Mirror*.

The Defense of Rome.

We translate for *The Tribune*, from a letter in one of the Parisian journals, the following inspiring news from Rome:

"The city is not asleep. The fortifications and general operations of defense, are rapidly advancing. All the circle of the city is admirably strengthened. Skilful artificial works are thrown up with the greatest activity around the terraced hill occupied by the Villa Borghese. The Academy of France, and the Pincian Hill present formidable defenses; the streets, the squares, and houses, are fully provided with barricades and supplies of stones. Movable barricades—true masterpieces of art, which far surpass all the Parisian means of defense—are raised, as if by enchantment, on the square of San Carlo del Corso. These machines of war are mounted on axles, and drawn by the aid of the gilded wheels of the carriages of the cardinals, wherever the need of defense requires them. The city has therefore become almost impregnable. As to the few miserable reactionists, who, in the dark, do not scruple to raise false rumors and alarms, for the purpose of exciting disorder, measures have been taken to scatter them at the slightest occasion.

"The Spanish expedition still remains at Fiamicino, and the Neapolitan at Albano. Garibaldi scours the Campagna, and everywhere along his route the populace rises up enthusiastic and anxious to die for the defense of Rome. This evening the theaters are re-opened. The most perfect tranquillity reigns in all parts of the city."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"Go and do Likewise."

A subscriber writes to us as follows: "Please pass the enclosed \$2.00 to my credit, and if further indebted, send bill and I will pay it. I do not like to owe anything to a paper that disseminates what I hold to be a great truth."

If this is not an acceptable improvement on the old fashioned plan of Newspaper dunning, we will have an original article next time. Enough of such patrons would put a stop to all clamorous duns.—*Christian Messenger*.

Meals on the North River Boats.

Some of our North River Boats have adopted the custom of our Eating Houses, by paying only for what they choose to eat. At the sound of the bell, all who choose, take their seats and order such a breakfast or dinner as they desire from a card of dishes set up before them. Each eats what he wants and pays for it the stipulated price, and those who eat two shillings worth are not requested to average bills with those who gormandize to the value of a dollar.—*Scientific American*.

Louis Philippe.

The ex-King of the French since his arrival at St. Leonard-on-Sea, has been in the enjoyment of excellent health, and in common with his family, appears to enjoy the retirement and genial air of this watering-place; the late boisterous weather did not prevent them from enjoying boating excursions.

Association of Nations.

An association of men of all nations, resident in this country, is about being formed in this city, in order to advance, propagate and aid Republican struggles in every part of the world. The object of the society is a vast and comprehensive one.—*Tribune*.

The London Dispatch, speaking of the terrible picture, says, "Ireland has become a desert. The bones of her people bleach by the wayside, and grass grows in the streets of her villages."

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Cambria.

England.

Government has placed the greater part of the British North America at the disposal of the Hudson's Bay Company. The ostensible reason is to facilitate colonization, though the policy of the Company is to prevent the settlement of the country.

Ireland.

Lord Clarendon has returned again, to Dublin. Five hundred tenants have been driven from their homes in Toomevara, by their landlords. Their destitution and misery are extreme. The houses were demolished for the purpose of ousting them.

The general distress continues unabated.

France.

The old Assembly dissolved on the 26th, without disturbance. The new Assembly convened on the 28th; the 30th was the scene of one of the most violent debates that ever occurred in a deliberative body.

The ultra-Democratic members number about two hundred and twenty, or thirty. The remainder, about 500, are very much split up and opposed to each other.

It is still thought that Marshal Bugeaud will be placed at the head of the new Ministry.

Italy.

The French have not yet entered Rome.

The troops loudly avow their sympathy with the Romans.

The Neapolitans have been driven home, the Austrians remain inactive, and the French army is exposed to the *malaria*.

Reinforcements are arriving for Rome. Provisions are becoming somewhat scarce. This is chiefly confined, however, to luxuries.

There were rumors of a compromise with the Pope.

In Bologna, after its fall, the Pope's rule was declared to be re-established.

Venice is closely blockaded by the Austrians, by land and sea. The city is becoming distressed for want of firewood and food.

Hungary.

The news of Dembinski's defeat of a large Russian force, is confirmed. A large number of prisoners fell into his hands, with numerous cannon and much ammunition. One dispatch says, that sixty Russian officers joined his ranks, and that the soldiers like nothing better than to be disarmed by the Hungarians.

Buda has been taken by the Hungarians; it is rumored the garrison was put to the sword.

In the south, they are said to be in possession of Fiume—the only seaport in Hungary.

Vienna papers state that Janitschek, one of the most important of the Hungarian leaders, has been captured by the Imperialists.

Russia.

The Czar and the Emperor of Austria, have had a conference at Moscow.

It is said that a Council of War was recently held at St. Petersburg, in which many influential members opposed the intervention. Nicholas was much irritated, and insulted several of his nobles.

Many conspiracies have been discovered, and the authors executed. Many others are imprisoned.

Much discontent prevails in the army.

Prussia.

The war with Denmark continues. A Russian squadron has appeared in the Danish waters.

Germany.

The government of Bavaria has applied to Prussia, for troops to quell the insurrection.

In many parts, a little excitement will serve to create disturbance.

The Diet talks of removing from Frankfort.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ex-President Polk died at Nashville, on the 15th inst., of Cholera.

An affray occurred between Cassius M. Clay and a man named Turner, at a political meeting in Kentucky, in which both parties snapped pistols at each other, and then commenced an assault with Bowie knives. Turner was killed by a wound in the groin, and Clay was stabbed through the breast. One report says, that Clay was instantly killed; another, that the wound was not mortal.

Large quantities of gold have arrived from California.

GLEANINGS.

An American has established an egg-hatching machine in Paris.

The Boston Bee has this conundrum:—Why will Harvard College soon be like a skyrocket? Because, when Everett (ever it) goes off, Sparks will appear.

"The Great West" says, the Rev. E. L. Magoon delivered his farewell sermon last Sunday. He visits New York, Vermont, and his native State, New Hampshire, intending to return and preach in a new Church in Cincinnati, after the next winter.

The Common Council of the city of Detroit, have resolved that no circus shall exhibit in that city without paying a license of \$100 per day.

The City Authorities of Worcester, have the bells rung at sunrise every morning.

THE SALE OF A MEETING HOUSE.—The splendid Unitarian Meeting House, in Hanover st., Boston, built by Rev. Chandler Robbins' Society, is to be sold at public auction, on the 20th of June. It cost nearly \$90,000, and is as good as new.

General Herrera, Ex-President of Mexico, is in Baltimore.

It is said that a paper is about to be started at Montreal, Canada, to advocate annexation to the United States.

Queen Victoria was 30 years old, on the 19th of May.

Hon. Horace Mann, is to deliver an address on *Peace*, at the West Point Military Academy, next week.

The publisher of the Boston Herald, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for publishing obscene advertisements.

Dr. J. F. Wright, of Greenfield, Ohio, has invented a machine to print the names of subscribers in newspapers, by which 1800 papers can be directed in an hour with perfect accuracy. It is to be patented.

Horace Greeley is to deliver an oration before the Workingmen's League, at Troy, on the 4th July next.

Out of 50 electors at Dieppe belonging to the Army, 45 voted for LEDRU ROLLIN.

The sheds attached to the Universalist Church in Waltham, (Mass.) were set on fire last Monday night, and nearly consumed.

The Unitarian ministers of Massachusetts, have formed a Society for the relief of aged and destitute clergymen.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has been removed from the office of Surveyor of the port of Salem, to make room for Allen Putnam.

Nearly twenty benevolent societies, hold their anniversaries at Boston, commencing on Monday the 28th.

There are seven Sunday papers published in New York, which have a combined circulation of not less than thirty thousand.

The Dominicans, the inhabitants of the Spanish part of Hayti, have beaten back the Haytians in three sanguinary battles.

The New York Day Book states, that nine-tenths of all who commence the dry goods business in that city, fail.

A French innkeeper has opened a hotel and restaurant, in the ruins of Pompeii, close to the barracks formerly inhabited by Roman soldiers.

STEAM ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.—A steamboat called the Wyoming, recently made the trip from Tunkhannock to Towanda, a distance of fifty miles, being the first successful effort to navigate the upper Susquehanna with steam.

DIVORCES IN CONNECTICUT.—The Legislature and Superior Court of Connecticut, granted 552 divorces during the five years ending April 30th last.

If the Danes lose the territory of Schleswig-Holstein, it will be a loss of about one-third of their whole territory.

A PIOUS HOTEL.—The Boston Pilot says: "They have a chaplain at the Adams' House, in this city, who says prayers every morning and evening."

A monument, in the form of a column, is about to be erected at Richmond, Surrey, to the memory of James Thompson, author of "The Seasons."

A new steamboat called the New World, is nearly completed in New York, designed to run on the Hudson river. She is three hundred and seventy-five feet long, and has an engine rated at 1500 horse power.

The Grand Jury of Rochester, lately, indicted a man for stealing an *umbrella*! This novel construction of law has occasioned great consternation in the community.

The aggregate tolls on the New York canals for the first three weeks of navigation, this year, are \$479,376. For same time last year, they amounted to \$483,028.

The Public Debt of France is rapidly increasing. It is already fifteen hundred millions of dollars. That of England is four thousand millions of dollars.

The cotton planting in the South has been very backward, owing to the first seed having been destroyed by frosts in a number of places.

The Artesian Well, at Charleston, S. C., had, on Saturday last, reached to a depth of 835 feet, but the stratum of marl has not yet been penetrated.

The New York Mirror drily regrets that New York cannot be visited with a crevasse, to wash away the filth in the streets of that city.

During the late cruise of the frigate United States, no less than 8,172 lashes were administered to her tars, being an average of 22 to each.

WORSTER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Worster has 34 public schools, employing 54 instructors, and attended by over 3000 scholars. The expense of maintaining these schools, is \$14,000 a year.

Educational.

The Physical Education of Girls.

We copy from the N. Y. Commercial, the following excellent remarks upon the proper education of young females, in order to ensure their health and vigorous action even till age approaches:—

"Shame on us, that we, who boast of having raised women in this nineteenth century to the position in life which she ought to hold, so educate her that not one of her powers, physical or mental, can ever attain a full and healthy action. Better go back to the days of our great grand-mothers and be content with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Assembly's Catechism,—nay, better to far earlier days, when neither catechism nor spelling-book detained the damsel from the distaff or the loom, than rear for the coming generation a race of nervous wives and sickly mothers.

When the boy runs merrily after his ball, or chases in the race, or leaps over the bound, the girl must walk demurely in the garden, because, forsooth, running, and leaping, and jumping, are ungraceful in the girl. When the boy roams freely over the hill, or through the woods in the Summer, or coasts down the hill or skates merrily over the pond in the Winter, the girl, untrusting, unbenefitted, walks pensively by the side of her teacher to the village, or takes a two mile airing in the sleigh once in the week. She never pitches the quoit, never throws the ball, never slides down the hill, never roams through the woods, because, save the mark! all these are deemed unfeminine! In fact, she never thoroughly exercises her body at all, and in consequence soon becomes unable to endure any kind of physical fatigue.

'Fit only for boys,' said a principal of a large female institute to me, the other day when I remonstrated with him on the importance of these and other like exercises for girls. For boys, indeed! And has not the girl a physical system to be developed, and matured and invigorated? Has she not fatigue to bear, obstacles to encounter, hindrances to overcome, enterprise to carry out, duties to discharge? Has she not the burthen of life to carry and its toilsome road to travel, for herself? In her own sphere does she not require, and will she not require through life, all the energy, and strength, and endurance, of which her system shall be capable? It matters not whether she is to live in the midst of fashion, or to move quietly in the circles of country life, or to find her lot upon missionary ground, or to struggle against unforeseen adversity, all that can be made of her during her years of education, physically, morally, and intellectually, she will need. To every woman, in whatever situation she may occupy, life is a fact, stubborn, earnest, real, to be shaped and moulded by her own efforts, or to be borne and endured by her own fortitude. Happy is she who is prepared for it, not by her own despairing efforts in after life, but by the judicious, careful, and thorough discipline of early education.—N. Y. Commercial.

Education in Greece.

Dr. Baird, in one of his Lectures, makes the following statement:—

"Though the masses of the Greeks are very ignorant, nothing is more encouraging than the love for knowledge that they manifest. The government has established a Normal School, and about 400 Common Schools. The School rooms are

very poor, but the children are determined to learn in spite of every obstacle. There are four gymnasia answering to our colleges. The University of Athens, which has been in existence 12 years, was founded by the munificence of one man. It contains a library of 30,000 volumes, and has 250 students. The young clerks will leave their business to spend an hour at the University in listening to a lecture.

"The Press is free in Greece. It has some twenty-eight newspapers, eighteen of which are published at Athens, and several of them are dailies. They are edited by professors and educated men, who are making great efforts to purge the language from foreign corruptions."

The dawn of a new enlightenment is appearing in the land to whose early civilization, that of the whole world is traced! Truly, Time works strange changes. Ages of barbarism have swept over the classic shores of Hellas, and now come men from lands undreamed of by ancient sages, to bow the knee in veneration of their wisdom and genius, and return to their children the heritage of intelligence, transmitted to strange races through scores of centuries. And the debt is repaid with interest; for never in her palmiest days, did Greece know the blessing of COMMON SCHOOLS.—Eds. Union.

Error of Early Intellectual Training.

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity, is incalculable. It would not be just to attribute this altogether to the vanity of the parents; they are influenced by a natural fear lest their children should not have all the advantages of other children. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not by any means all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness a long time before them. And what advantage can it be if a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained by a sacrifice of health which never may be regained?—There may be some excuse for this early book work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book work for the first twenty-one years of his life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least the mental energy which, after all, is his surest implement.

New College for Ladies.

The establishment for the education of governesses, known as Queen's College, has called forth another scheme of a similar kind, which is in a very forward state of development. Queen's College, as our readers are probably aware, is founded strictly upon the principles of the Church of England—many of its committee are professors or otherwise connected with King's College, and in consequence many young persons, on account of their religious belief, are unable to avail themselves of advantages which will hereafter become almost ne-

cessary to the education of a governess, or at least to her attaining that rank in her profession which will entitle her to a good situation. The new establishment will be founded on principles which will admit all religions. Although not immediately connected with University College, which, in fact, repudiates as far as possible, all absolute connections whatever, the new college for governesses will be under the patronage of at least one professor and the ladies of two other professors of the great liberal establishment. We are assured, however, that many members of King's College support the new institution, from a conviction that advantages so eminent should be extended to every religious creed.—London Atlas.

National Education in Ireland.

The fifteenth report of the Commissioners, is dated May 1, 1849, and at the close of 1848, the number of schools in operation, was 4,109, and the number of pupils on the rolls 507,469, exhibiting an increase in the attendance in 1848, as compared with 1847, of 104,837 children. Food was distributed by the British Relief Association to the children, especially in the southern and western districts. The average number of pupils in each school is 125. The amount of salaries paid to teachers for 1848, was £57,013. The appointment of "paid monitors" has been found very successful—the salaries vary from £4 to £7 a year. The arrangements for the separate religious instruction of the children of all persuasions continue to be carried into effect every Tuesday, under their respective clergymen. Previously to the arrival of the clergymen, each of the teachers in training, is employed in giving catechetical and other religious instruction to a small class of children belonging to his own communion. The teachers attend their respective places of worship on Sundays, and every facility is given, both before and after service, as well as at other times, for their spiritual improvement, under the directions of their clergy.

Education in Wisconsin.

A series of Educational meetings was held at Milwaukee, (Wis.) in the latter part of April, by invitation of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; wherein statements were made of the present condition of schools in Wisconsin, and the importance of a general movement on the subject.

At a public meeting, several resolutions were ably advocated and adopted, providing that in the system of Common School Education in the State, the principle of the gradation of schools should be incorporated—urging the importance of the formation of a Teachers' Institute at Milwaukee—and that a Common School Journal should be established for the diffusion of correct information on the subject of schools and education, and that it be furnished to every school district of the State, at the public expense. The introduction of vocal music as a branch of instruction was also recommended wherever practicable. Wisconsin is going ahead in many useful measures of reform.—N. Y. Tribune.

Infant Tuition.

Pour in knowledge gently. Plato observed that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths—if you attempted to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted, and little received; whereas with a small stream they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies, act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

Agricultural.

Volatile Gases.

Look here, Messrs. Editors, I find myself in a bit of a fix, and want some of your readers to help me out. You must know, I have always gone for burying my manure, nine inches, but must confess, that since the time of Judge Buel, with whom I used to go the whole hog, I find myself growing shallower, until I am pretty near the surface. Still, I have ever been an advocate for fixing the gases, and cannot pass a dunghill without turning up my nose, to see which way the wind blows. Now, having spent a day with a friend who goes for composting and top-dressing, or next to that, and getting into a confab on the two systems, so opposite in their bearings and tendency, and finding ourselves, during one of these discussions, alongside one of his heaps of fermenting manures, just at the time, too, when I was expatiating on the insanity of permitting our essences to fly off "to manure our neighbors' fields," as the saying is, he brought me up all standing by the following remarks:

"My friend, you see that this heap of fermenting manure is placed in the center of a field of eight acres, for the purpose of facilitating the labor of carrying abroad at the proper season. It has been duly mixed with the articles generally used in the fabrication of compost, but has never been covered 'to prevent the escape of the gases,' which is at this moment evident to our nasal organs. Well, then, we perceive that the ammonia, &c., are flying off; but if they are destined to manure my neighbor's field, they will have a very considerable distance to travel before they can reach it; and it is but natural to suppose, that all the way thither, they must be manuring mine, being so near home. Now, let us examine, and try if we can perceive, even in an imaginary degree, any difference in the growth of the herbage near the heap, when compared with that afar off—nay, I will permit you to commence your search within a foot of the heap, and continue it to the farthest fence; and will it not appear strange, if we find that these gases are so intent on manuring my neighbors' land, that they fly over mine, without depositing a particle in their way? Come, let us be honest and commence our search;" and so we did, and, by gum, I was dumb-founded by the time we reached the fence, for not a glimpse of benefit could we perceive, as having arisen from these gases that were floating away in clouds! "So," says he, "here is one step gained; for, fly off as they may, and fixed as they ought to have been, according to the present reading of the books, they certainly are not on the benevolent errand attributed to them," and that was clear to me, although I felt a little riley, and considerably mean.

But there was all the difference in the world, occasioned by the overflow of a small portion of the drainings of the heap, perceptible to an inch, and speaking volumes in favor of the heavier gases, when compared with those termed volatile. On inquiry of my friend, if he expected as much benefit to arise from his compost, thus unfurnished with a covering to prevent the escape of these gases, he replied, "quite as much, having provided a thick layer of muck earth to absorb and retain the drainings of the stable manure, until the time of shoveling over, which operation will be twice performed before carrying abroad, at which time, it is my opinion, I shall be certain of receiving all the benefit that I could have received by fixing, to say the least." Now, if it be the truth that we are seek-

ing, ought we to object to receive it as it presents itself? I trow not; then, whatever may be our views on the necessity for "fixing the lighter gases to prevent their escape into the atmosphere," let us no longer continue to repeat the erroneous notion, that we do so "to prevent them from flying off to manure our neighbors' fields." Now, as I said at the commencement of this long article, I want some one to help me out of this fix.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Substitute for the Potato.

Mr. Bryant, in his work on California, mentions that one of the Canos Indians presented to him "a root or tuber, of an oval shape, about an inch and a half in length, and an inch in diameter. This root is called the prairie potato. Its composition is farinaceous and highly nutritious, and its flavor is more agreeable than that of the finest Irish potato." Mr. Bryant thinks that with suitable cultivation, it will make an excellent substitute for the potato.—The root, which is here described, abounds in the fields, even in this portion of the country. It is generally known as the ground nut, and is sometimes procured by chirdred and roasted, and esteemed a fine edible.

The Potato.

It is a fact not generally known perhaps to farmers, that there are two parts in the potato, which, if separated and planted at the same time, one will produce tubers fit for the table eight or ten days sooner than the other. The small end of the potato, which is generally full of eyes, is that part which produces the earliest: the middle or body of the potato produces late, and always larger ones. A farmer in the Amherst Cabinet says, he always pursues this plan in order to obtain an early supply for the table, which are usually fine and mealy.—*Claremont Eagle.*

A Discovery.

The Knoxville, (Tenn.) Register, notices the discovery of a new esculent in Campbell county, in the mountainous regions of that State, which very much resembles the yam of the tropics. Some specimens had been shown to the editor by Mr. Ballestier, American Consul, lately returned from Singapore, which measured from six to eighteen inches in length, and weighed from two to ten pounds each. The editor says—"Boiled and baked they furnish an excellent substitute for bread or potatoes, and must form a great resource to the future settlers of that large and fine portion of our State, now without a population and but little known."

Tobacco Dust as a Protection against Insects.

Prof. Mapes, last year, procured from a snuff mill, a barrel of dry, but damaged snuff flour, and prepared drudging boxes, covered with fine bolting cloth, with which he sifted it over the surface of any plants attacked by insects, and with most signal success. The snuff should be applied, if practicable, while the plant is wet with dew, and repeated after every shower. If the boxes are properly made, (like a common flour drudge,) and the snuff perfectly fine and dry, little time is necessary to go over an acre of plants. Even the rose bug, cabbage louse, thrips on grape vines, &c., all yield to the influence of snuff, and the most delicate plant of the hot house is not injured by its application. For field vegetables, caustic lime, made into a fine powder, while dry, and applied before slaking by contact with the air, will produce similar results.

To Dry a Cow of Her Milk.

Circumstances frequently render it necessary to stop the lactescent action in cows, and when this occurs, all that is absolutely required, is to make a liquor by pouring into a fresh rennet bag two quarts of pure well, spring, or rain water; reduce the quantity of the liquid, by boiling briskly, to about one quart, and strain it. Then let it cool to a luke-warm temperature, and give it as a drink to the cow. In forty-eight hours, she will be dry.—For some days, her food should be dry and unsucculent—no water being allowed.

Shoeing Horses.

At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, some time since, Prof. Sewall remarked, that he frequently found old horses shod with a layer of leather forming an artificial sole between the shoe and the hoof, recover from the severe affections causing injury to the hoof—such, for instance, as contractions, brittleness and cracks, or even diseases of the foot itself, as thrushes, canker, corns, &c., and perfectly regain its original elasticity and firmness.

Culture of the Blackberry.

Having seen an inquiry respecting the culture of the blackberry, I will send you the method which is practiced by a friend of mine, who has a beautiful hedge which produces a great abundance of this excellent fruit.

The plants are set out in rows, four or five feet apart, and are kept free from weeds and grass through the summer; in the fall these spaces are filled with leaves from the forest. The next spring a quantity of ashes is strewn between the rows—these, with the leaves, are all the means used to secure a bountiful harvest every season.

Good.

The Boston Journal mentions that two hundred and eleven ornamental trees have been planted under the direction of the city authorities of Cambridge, this year, at an expense of \$239. In Chelsea, a large number of shade trees have been planted, and suitably protected, by a society of public spirited citizens, called the "Ornamental Tree Society."

We notice in various quarters an increasing attention to the subject of planting shade trees, and hope to see the fruits of the new zeal in all our towns and villages.—*N. Y. Organ.*

To Destroy Bed Bugs.

Take a dime's worth of quicksilver, (crude mercury,) and the white of an egg—beat them till fully mixed, and apply the mixture with a feather to all the joints of the bedstead.

New Wheat Crop.

A gentleman in Chillicothe, Ohio, writing to a commercial house in Buffalo, under date of June 5, says: "In two weeks our farmers will commence cutting the finest crop of wheat we have ever had."

Crops in Illinois.

A letter from Dixon, Lee county, Illinois, on the 6th inst., says: "We have had a very backward spring, and incessant rains, so much so, indeed, that the whole corn crop of the county is destroyed. The wheat, however, looks well, and we expect to have a healthy season."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks:

From the *Chicopee Telegraph*.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort; to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the *Syracuse Journal*.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance. W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the *Monthly Rose*, (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the *Lily*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the *Philadelphia Saturday Post*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the *Univercelum*.

"**LITERARY UNION**."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is progress;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. Newman, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

CLARK & BROTHER'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERRETYPE. Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.
J. M. CLARK,
F. J. CLARK.
June 7, 1849.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock, and Fancy Goods.

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons. Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries.

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of

Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where **SILVER-WARE** of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of **SILVER EQUAL TO COIN**.

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skillful workmen.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of **Teeth** on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

ANALYTICO MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
43, Second Street,

BETWEEN STATE AND CONGRESS,
TROY, N. Y.

R. J. WHITE, } ANALYTICAL PHYSICIANS.
H. TUBBS. }

This Institute is established for the Treatment of all Diseases of the Fluids and Solids, Chronic or Acute, upon Analytical Principles. Medical advice can at all times be obtained, either verbally or by letter, (post paid.)

ALL ADVICE GRATUITOUS.

Music Store.

DICKINSON & ALLEN,

DEALERS IN

Music & Musical Instruments,

Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the R. R. Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

BROWN SHEETINGS.

RECEIVED this morning at the SCOTCH WARE house Twenty Bales, which will be sold at the Manufacturers' wholesale prices.
CAMERON & McDONALD

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchant, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

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While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

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Barley, 50	" 28 " 14
Rye, 50	Salt bbls. 22
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